

Chronie Diarthea, Jaundice, Impurity of the REGULATOR and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Howels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumailan, seased base of specific Routel. AYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER. Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shudder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, smettimes alternating with las; the head is troubled with pain, is dail and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanial with a painful sensation of leaving undere something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily starfled, feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have obsurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively doranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Un-healthy Localities, by taking a dose occasion-nily to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Billious attacks, Dizriness, Nau-sca, Drowiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no in-terioring horses.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or aleep-less at night, take a dose and you will be relieved. Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved

by always keeping the Regulator
in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly
safe purgative, atterative and tonic can
sever be out of place. The remedy is harmless
and does not interfere with business or
pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE, has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or nine, without any of the injurious after effects. A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my mity for some time, and I am satisfied it is a juable addition to the medical science.

J. Gill Shorter, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of dia., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

further trial.

"The only Thing that never falls to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. Jannay, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Manney.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual ex-perience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

Be Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE BRIDE'S TOILETTE.

BY ELLEN MACKAY BUTCHISSON. [The Conciergerie, 1793.]

"Dame! how the moments go, And the bride is not ready! Call all her tiring maide— Paul, Jean and Thedie.

Paul, Jean and Thence.

Is this your robe, my dear?
Faith, but she's steady
The bridegroom is blessed who gets
Such a brave lady. "Pardie! that throat is fair; How he will kirs ft!

Here is your kerchief, girl; Did you not miss it? Quick! don these little shoes, White as your fort is, Ho, Jean, Saint Guillotine

Loves these fine beauties! "Now these long locks must go-Monsieur is waiting: Short is the hour he gives

To wooing and mating. Thedie, you fool, the shears— Time this was ended."

Down falls the golden hair, Once lovingly tended. from her prison door.

Silent the bridegroom stood, Not a sound made he. Oh, but he clasped her close— "Twas a brave lover,
"Dance, dance La Carmagnole!
The bridal is over!"

BORROWING AND LENDING.

BY HELEN PORREST GRAVES.

If Miss Matty Rice had yawned once since breakfast, she had yawned a score of times; and even pretty Eveleen was growing drowsy ever her embroidery by the window. For it was a hopelessly rainy day in mid-October, with the sky veiled in dark gray mist, the tinted leaves floating down into matted layers of dim color around the columns of the piazza, and the tall dahlias nearly prostrated by the steady down pour. No walks no gathering of ferns, mosses, berries, in the still delicious woods; no dreamy rambles to the mountain-tops-and, worst and saddest of all, nothing to read.

"And I won't be deluded into working worsteds," said Matty, "nor yet in crewels and Kensington stitch. Evelcen, where is that delightful little book that papa was reading aloud out of last night?

"Do you mean the 'Recreations of a Country Parson?" said Eveleen, comparing two shades of rose-colored wool. "If that's the name of it-yes."

"He took it to the city with him," said Eveleen. "I saw it sticking out of his cost pocket, when he was running for the train. "How provoking!" sighed Matty, clasping

her dimpled hands above her head; "when it's the book of all books that I should like to read on a day like this."

'Mr. Winton has a copy of it," said Eveleen, threading a worsted-needle with the very darkest shade of garnet.

But what good will that do me?" said Matty, disconsolately.

"Borrow it," suggested Eveleen. "Every body borrows every thing in a place like this; and I'm sure Mr. Winton would be glad to oblige you."

"But how?" urged Matty. "The hotel is at least half a mile away." "Send Nora."

"Nora, indeed! I don't suppose Nora ever did an errand in her life," said Matty. Then it's high time she began," laughingly suggested Eveleen. "Write a note,

"I'd rather send a verbal message," said Matty; "and I wouldn't send at all, if I wasn't dying to read the end of that essay that papa began last night."

Nora, deep in the energetic occupation of blacking the kitchen-stove was summoned up stairs.

"Nora," said Matty, impressively, "I want you to go to the hotel. You know where the hotel is?"

"Sure an' I do, miss," said Nora, with wide-open mouth, and eyes of intense at-

"And ask for Mr. Winton, and tell him that Miss Matty Rice sends compliments, and would like to borrow the 'Recreations of a Country Parson."

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

A Free Press, a Free Ballot, and Free Speech, are the Birthright of Freemen.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1882. VOL. VII.

"Yis'm," said Nora.

"You're sure you understand?" "Yis'm, an' why wouldn't I?" promptly

plied aspersion on her powers of compre-"And come back as quick as you can." "Sure an' it's me that will," said Nora. And presently the two sisters enught a glimpse of her stout Milesian figure beneath the folds of a rusty water-proof closk.

with a mammoth cotton unbrella held over her head, disappearing behind the buge leaves of the rhododendron hedge.

"I hope she won't be long," said Matty "Why should she?" said screne Eveleen. And she went on composedly with the pomegranate blossom that she was embroidering, while Matty sat down to the little cabinet-piano, and tried to pick out the notes of some dreamy little refrain, which had haunted her ever since she heard it at

the stage, and the full orchestra thundering out its stains. And Nora, plunging down the ravine, like any thing but a wood-nymph, plashed her w.y to the hotel, going a quarter of a mile out of her road on account of a spotted tellow-Hibernian who was on his way to the

the opera last winter, with Patti smiling on

post-office "There," said Nora, as she turned away from Teddy O'Hara, "an' sure I've forgotten the name as clane as if I niver had heard it."

"Whose name was it, alanna?" consolingly demanded Colonel Ross' coachman, whose soft nothings had put the message so completely out of Nora's head.

"There was somethin' in it about the Rectory of a Country Parson," said Nora. twisting herself into the letter S, with the violent attempt at recollection to which she forced herself.

"There ain't no rectory hereabouts," said Teddy. "Sure it ain't built yet! But the parson he's up on the hotel steps. I seen him there as I came beyant. A tall young gintleman, with a high vest-for all the wurreld like Father Rockwell-an' spectacles as gintale as ye plaze. Is it a message you've got for him, Nora, mayourneen?"

"I'm to borrow him!" said Nora, fixing her dull, glassy glare on Teddy O'Hara's astonished face.

"To-borrow him?" repeated Teddy. "Yis, sure!" Nora answered, doggedly, Teddy uttered a whistle.

"It's the quarest loan as iver I heard of." said he. "An' if it's a fair question, who is it wants him?"

"Miss Mattie Rice's compliments," repeated Nora, with parrot like promptitude, and she wants to borrow the parson." Teddy exploded into a laugh.

"Sure, an' if it was leap year," said l before. But I must make baste, or the post will be too late for me."

Away trudged Teddy, stopping ever and anconscious of the curious transformation

that had befallen her luckless message. among the woods.

The hotel clerk, who had just come ou to glance at the barometer, stared at her; the young ladies on the wide verandahs walking up and down the boards to gain their daily two miles of exercise, stopped roung man, who was talking with a lady just beyond, glanced around, as if he fancied that he were personally interested.

"Do you want the-clergyman?" said the hotel clerk, doubtful, yet polite.

"Is it a stone-mason or a chimney-swape I'd be manin', d'ye think ?" retorted Nora, beginning to imagine that she was being made game of. "I am the clergyman," said the specta-

I can do for you?" "Miss Matty Rice's compliments," said

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Fontaine, "but-I'm not quite sure that I understand you, my good woman?" "I'm spakin' the English language, sure,"

said Nora, somewhat affronted. "She wants to borrow you." "But what for?" said the parson, ignor-

ng the titters of the group which was now fast gathering on the verandah. "To amuse herself wid this rainy day, said Nora. "You're to come back wid me,

pl'ase. I was to bring you. Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and-" "Really," said Mr. Fontaine, "this is

very strange. The Rices live in the little Swiss cottage by Haldino Falls," suggested the hotel clerk. Gentleman goes up and down to the city every day. Keeps a little pony carriage,

"You're to come back wid me, please," said Nora. "'The Rectory,' or 'The Country Parson.' Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and-"

Mr. Fontaine, hurriedly surveying the ituation in his mind's eye, decided that it was better to obey this strange beheat.

And putting on his water-proof wrap, and rming himself with a light silk umbrella. he accompanied Nora McShane, to the great buzzing and whispering of the group on the

open and Nora rushed in, exclaiming: "Here he is! I've brought him!" retorted Nora, rather nettled by this im-

"Brought whom?" said Matty, in "The country parson," said Nora. "There

waen't no rectory. I inquired for it, but it wasn't built." "What on earth is the girl talking about? said Matty, in amazement.

And then Mr. Fontaine walked in, holdng his hat in his hand, "I am the clergyman," said be, "Can I

be of any use?" Matty colored a deep cherry-pink. "Oh, dear, I am so sorry!" she faltered; but there is some dreadful mistake here. sent Nora to the hotel to borrow a book, and she has brought me back—a man!"

"A book? said Mr. Fontaine. "Yes," said Matty, trying harder and Parson.' Mr. Paul Winton has it."

Mr. Fontaine began to laugh. So did they were the best friends in the world. Mr. Fontaine stayed to lunch, and they never snake, and stopping for a good chat with a knew how that long, rainy morning whiled itself away, until at last the blue rifts of sky spread their banners above the pine-trees on old Sky-Top, and every shining drop was transformed into a tiny rainbow.

Mr. Fontaine came often after that. Sc did Mr. Paul Winton, the owner of the gennine "Country Parson." And when the family closed their cottage, and returned to the city, the two young men discovered that the journey to Philadelphia was not such a very long one. And there is every probability that the lacking rectory will be built in the spring, and that the country parson will bring a pretty young wife there; at least so says popular gossip.

"Dear, stupid old Nora!" says Matty Rice, "it was all her doing. And she shall have a home with me always."

"But blunders don't always terminate so uccessfully," Eveleen gravely remarks. Matty shakes her head. She will not concede this to be a blunder at all. Only -a coincidence.

A BLOODY DAY AT ASHLAND.

Collision Between a Maddened Mob and the Militia—A Battle on the Water—Five Citizens Killed, Seven of the Mob Dangerously Wounded, and Sixteen Speciators Shot by the Soldiers—A Day of Death and Dis-grace.

grace, Courier-Journal Special, Nov. 2. CATLETTSBURG, Nov. 1.-This has been ay long to be remembered by the citizens of this county. It is a day that has brought should think it meant something. I niver dark stain upon the escutcheon of our old heard such a message in all me born days | Commonwealth. It has been evident since last night that there would be a collission between the state troops on duty here and the Ashland mob. The troops were kept unanon to laugh in the dripping autumn der arms most all last night, while the mob woods, while Nora kept on to the hotel, all had possession of the railroad at Ashland and stopped all west-bound trains on the E., L. & B. S railroad, to see if the troops "Is the parson here?" demanded she, with the prisoners, Neal and Craft, were on shaking her umbrella until it sent forth a board. This morning the news came here miniature water-spout of flying drops, and that their numbers had been swelled by stamping the mud off her feet on the steps additions from Ironton and Geigersville of the mountain hotel, which was still well- until they numbered 500. Maj Allen, comfilled with the guests who had lingered to manding the troops, decided to take a see the splendors of the Octobor frosts steamboat to Maysville, and had their equipage hauled to the wharf-boat. This information was at once conveyed to the mob, and they at once took charge of an engine and some cars and ran a train here giggled; the stout old gentlemen, who were bringing about 300 men, mostly armed with shot-guns, muskets, rifles and revolvers. The train reached here about 1 r. M. Mai. short; and a spectacled, grave-looking Allen divided his forces, placing them in position to command Main and Division streets, which run from the river to the depot. He planted his artillery so as to sweep Main street.

A COMMITTEE FROM THE MOB came from the train to Maj. Allen and de manded of him the surrender to them of the prisoners, Neal and Craft. The Major replied that "he would not do so; that he did not desire any trouble, but he would cled gentleman, stepping conrecously for protect the prisoners against mob violence, ward at this juncture. "Is there any thing even at the sacrifice of his own life and the lives of his command." The committee re' turned to the train, avowing their intention Nora, without in the least abating the shrill- to fight. Their appearance produced the ness of her voice, "an' she wants to borrow greatest excitement among the citizens, and for a time it looked as if the matte would be settled there. In the meantime, the steamer Granite State, for Cincinnati arrived, and the troops took their prisoner and went aboard, and the boat steamed off down the river. The mob boarded their train and at lightning speed returned to Ashland, reaching there some five or ten minutes before the boat came in sight. Your correspondent was on the train There were at least two thousand excited people-men, women and children-gathered on Front street in the vicinity of the public landing. The mob left the train and rushed to the river, where about fifty or sixty boarded the ferryboat and steamed out into the river, while the others remained on the levee. The ferryboat blew a hail, but the Granite State did not beed it. The troops were formed in line on the guards of the boat, and some on deck, fronting Ashland and the ferryboat. The boats came within about 100 yards of each other.

THE MOB OPENED PIRE on the troops, which was instantly returned. At this time several shots were fired from the shore, which caused the troops to direct a few volleys at those on the bank. The crowd on the shore began to go pell-mell to places of safety, but many failed to reach them in time. The firing did not last over two minutes, but the result to the citizens was indeed fatal. There were five killed, sitting in the Chataroi railroad office. Mr.

leen's embroidery, as the door bounced | Rob'. Pritcharl, of this place, was sitting in | itary kept firing as long as they could see one of the Chataroi railroad coaches and the boat or a soul in town. was slightly wounded in the face, and in attempting to get off the train fell and broke his leg. The wildest confusion prevailed; women and children were frantic, screaming and running in every direction. doubtless others, overlooked in the excitebut the most touching scene was when the families and friends were gathered around

THE DEAD, DYING AND WOUNDED. The physicians did all in their power for the wounded, who were conveyed to their homes or the houses of friends. Three of the wounded were from Ironton, O. The ferry-boat was literally riddled with bullets; a ball entered her man-head and disabled her until she had to be towed ashore. The pilot-house was torn all to pieces with bullets, but the pilot, Will Kouns, escaped with a slight wound in the hand. The Aldine Hotel and the houses in the first parder to keep back her laughter as the block above it were considerably battered comic side of the circumstance forced itself with bullets. Before I left Ashland a reupon her. "'The Recreations of a Country port was in circulation that the captain and mate of the Granite State and two soldiers were killed. There is great excite-Matry and Eveleen; and in five minutes ment in Ashland, and strong threats were made against Judge Brown. THE CITIZENS KILLED.

Those who were killed are: Col. Repert Geo. Keener. An infant child of Mrs. Dunlap's. James McDonald. John Raugh. The first three named were only spec-

tators, and the other two were of the mob on the ferryboat. THE WOUNDED ARE Will Searcy, in the leg. Mrs. Jack Searcy, in the breast. Bob Lather, mortally wounded in the sbdomen.

Will Springer, in the shoulder. Mart Dunlap, in the shoulder. Alex. Walters, fatally in the head. Will, Meyers, in the hip. Mrs. H. B. Batler, in the leg. Chas. Bolinger, in the leg. Tom Demaro, in both feet. O. H. Dixon, in the hand. Tom Bird, in the shoulder. Geo. Warnock, in the head. Martin Green, of color, in the leg. M. A. Ball, in the leg.

John Galligher, in the face and leg.

Julius Summers, in the leg.

Graham Ran lall, colored, in the shoul-Dr. Gill, in the arm Alex. Harris, in the hip.

Will, Kouns, in the hand. Of the wounded, there were only seven that were on the ferryboat; most of the othty-three others; a day that placed another houses on Front street. Mrs. Butler was and Lockridge. The case was first diagvery much incensed against Judge Brown nosed as erysipelas, but it is now known for having the troops brought here. It was unfortunate that an impression prevailed suffered considerable pain, but not so much that the troops would

SURRENDER THE PRISONERS and destruction of human life. The people here feel much anxiety for the safety of the sad lesson of to-day will forever prevent further action by mobs in this county and

ANOTHER ACCOUNT. IRONTON, O., Nov. 1.-Craft and Neal having been granted a change of venue to Carter county, would have been taken to Lexington via the E. L. & B.S., railroad yesterday, to await their trial in February, but Maj. Allen was advised that the citizens would tear up the track and attempt to capture the prisoners. It was then decided o take them to Maysville by the Mountain Boy last night, but fog arose and the boat could not get away, when it was decided to put them on the Granite State, as she passed down to-day.

THE MOR AT CATLETTSBURG. About 11:30 this morning several hundred men took a locomotive and several cars at Ashland, and proceeded to Catlettsburg. The authorities were apprised of their approach, and the prisoners were taken at once to the wharfboat, where the artillery was planted to command the grade. I'wo companies were left in charge of the prisoners, two stationed at the head of the grade, and others at different points, completely covering all avenues to the wharf. When the train arrived, a committee of five was sent to demand the prisoners of Maj. Allen. He said he "would not surrender them while he had a man left." The leading citizens succeeded by earnest persuasion in keeping the citizens from precipitating themselves upon the military, and a conflict was averted for the time. After the Granite State left with the prisoners and their escort, the citizens boarded the train and left for Ashland, arriving a few minutes ahead of the boat. They disembarked and about thirty or forty, mostly wild boys, boarded the ferry boat and started out to bail the Granite State, which had whistled to land, but was hurrying by near the Ohio shore. The ferry had reached the middle of the river as the Granite State passed her. She had disregarded the ferryboat's signal to land. About this time some one on the boat FIRED A BEVOLVER.

and the military opened a murderous firepiercing two steampipes and the boiler man, head. There was no further reply from the disabled ferryboat. Several had been wounded on her, but none killed. The fire of the soldiery was still kept up, but turned principally against the crowd of unoffending spectators upon the wharf and Front street. All who were killed and mortally wounded were shot on or near the grade from whence | abot. not a shot had been fired. After all shooting had ceased from the ferryboat, the mil-

THE CASAULTIES. As far as your correspondent could learn, there are twenty nine killed and wounded. whose names are given below. There are ment:

John Bass, killed. Jas. McDonald, killed. Mart Dunlap and Alex. Watts, mortally John Gallagher, mortal. Julius Sumners, leg. Tom Bird, head. Chas. Donald (boy), leg. Wm. Searcy, knee. Mrs. H. B. Butler, leg. Willie Springer, shoulder. A. H. Dixon, hands. Mrs. Jack Searcy, shoulder, mortal.

Thos. Demora, both feet. Robert Pritchard, hip. M. A. Ball, shoulder and leg. Graham Randall, mortal. Martin Green, leg. Dr. Gills, arm. Col. Reppert, killed. Geo. Keener, killed.

Mr. Vierlap's baby, killed.

W. Wangfair, arm. Wm. Meyers, hip. Unknown man, lee Geo. Warner, head Wm. Kinney, hand.

Bob Lathers, breast.

Ab. Harris, hip. Keener was shot through the forehead while standing on the grade; Col. Reppert was shot through the heart; Mrs. Henry Dunlan's babe had its brains blown out as she held it in her arms; Mrs. Searcy was shot in a third-story window; Mrs. Butler at the

in Ashland and FIERCE INDIGNATION at this uncalled for attack upon the place If the fight had been confined to the ferryboat and stopped when resistance ceased, there would have been some excuse for the military, but as it is, the blood of innocent

GOV. T. A. HENDRICKS. The Gravest Fears of the Final Result of His Illness Experienced by him.

men, women and babies is on their hands.

Courier-Journal Special. INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 30 .- The condition of Hon, Thomas A. Hendricks to night is such

as to cause the greatest anxiety to his

friends. Mrs. Hendricks is very much alarmed. His trouble is schile gangrene in the third and fourth toes of the left foot. It has its origin in a slight paralytic stroke to an untimely end the lives of five of our ers were unfortunate spectators, some of suffered about six months ago. He is atcitizens, and suffering from wounds to twen- whom were in second and third stories of tended by Drs. Parvin, W. C. Thompson to be gangrene, undoubtedly. He has to-day as heretofore. Dr. Thompson said this afternoon that the case was not hoperather than hurt any citizens. It was this less, and that the physicians hoped Mr. foolish idea that brought about the trouble Hendricks' fine constitution and previous temperate life would enable him to throw off the disease without the loss of a member. Judge Brown. It is hoped, however, that but of this they would be enabled to speak more advisebly within three or four days. The fact that Mr. Hendricks' father, grandfather and only child died of gangrene is a source of great uneasiness, and the general impression is that the idol of the Indiana democracy is doomed to a speedy death. The intimate friends of Gov. Hendricks know that his bealth has not been the best for the past two years, and in the last six months his face has been presenting an ashy appearance. He was advised by his physicians in the campaign two years ago not to speak more than three times a week, and the same advice was given him at the opening of the present campaign. An intimate friend of the afflicted statesman stated this evening that the best he hoped for was the imputation of the diseased limb. Several eminent physicians here, however, take a more hopeful view of the situation, telling your correspondent that he may escape without serious results. The news of his dangerous condition has spread like wildfire throughout the state, the greatest solicitude is felt, and the latest bulletins from his sick chamber are watched for with eager interest. Many telegrams have been received to-day from all parts of the country asking for the facts relating to his illness. Mr. Hendricks himself is not seriously alarmed, and does not regard his condition as serious, much less critical. He is cheerful and evinces much interest in bearing the latest news from the political front. The present effort of his physicians will be to counteract the threatened pyemic condition of his blood. His condition dangerous, but not necessarily fatal.

An Example Pollowed. Covington Commonwealth.

The evil influence of unpunished crime s strikingly illustrated in the neighboring county of Boone. At Walton, in that county, not long since, a young man with a newly-bought revolver, said to his companions, "See me pick out the middle man," pointing to three men on the top of a freight car in a passing train. With a bullet from his revolver he picked the railroad man out so effectually that death resulted in a few days. The reckless young man was tried and by a jury of his peers acquitted. This is the example. The other day in the same county

Boone, two or three lads went out with guns on a hunt. They found a little boy in a hickory tree. Said one of the young bunters to his companions, "See me pick him out." He blazed away and peppered the legs of the little boy in the tree with bird-

This was clearly following an example The influence of the acquittal of the Walton KENTUCKY'S PET MURDERER.

Col. Tom Buford, Tired of Keeping Up the Farce of Insanity, Quietly Walks Away From Anchorage and Finds Asylum in Indiana—An In-terview—Judge Duvall's Opinion.

elephant that Kentucky has had on her hands for the past three years, has created considerable stir by emigrating to Indiana. He broke through the feeble restraints that have been hanging around him at the Anchorage asylum Saturday morning, and wended his way to the city. After a short visit to his relatives on First street, he bade them good-bye and said he was going to Jeffersonville, and in a short time he was across the river and prosecuting a search for a home in the state of Indiana. He had delayed some time, however, and the officers from the Anchorage asylum were close on his track, and reached the ferrydock at the foot of First street just as the bont, carrying the object of their pursuit, headed for the other shore. Finding him still beyond their reach they hastened to a telephone and sought communication with Marshal Glass, of Jeffersonville, and requested him to meet the boat at the dock. jump aboard, and secure Buford before he disembarked.

Marshal Glass did not obey the order, fearing there might be a kidnapping scheme on hand, but sought counsel on the subject and was advised to take no steps until the

BUFORD INTERVIEWED.

prompted him: "I have been thinking of leaving the asyscheme gotten up by the judge and the lawvers, but it was not the verdict of the jury. Every body knows that I refused to accept the insanity theory from the first, and would not seek to escape through such a technicality. I told them that I killed Judge Elliott in the name of law and order, for the benefit of the state of Kentucky; that in doing so I had taken my life in my hands, and if the interests of law, order and justice could be subserved by hanging me to go ahead. I was willing to make the sacrifice. I felt that I had done my duty as a citizen in killing the man who had assaulted the life of the law and crushed justice under his official foot, and I was perfectly willing to accept the consequences. At my first trial the jury condemned me to the penitentiary for life, as u sane man, which was just : but at the second trial the jury said I had killed Judge Elliott at a time when I was not mentally responsible for what I did, but they said nothing of my condition at the time of the trial, nor did they say that I was to be kept in an asylum. That was the work of the judge and the lawvers '

"I think I shall. But any place where there is law and order and justice will suit me. I have been living so long in a state where such things are unknown, that I feel better all over in Indiana."

WILL NOT MEET THE CASE.

FRANKFORT, Oct. 30.-The governor is at Lexington, and it can not be said what will be done in the Buford matter. Dr. Gale is here asking after the probabilities of a requisition, but it is not thought the second section of article four of the constitution of the United States can reach the fugitive. It refers to "treason, felony or other crime," and, as Judge Duvall said—the only available authority in the emergency: "Lanacy can not be construed into a crime, nor can the crime of the murder of Judge Elhott, for which Buford was acquitted on the plea of lunacy, be made grounds now for the requisition. The courts have held that, in order to make a requisition good, the charge specified in the writ must be a crime ac cording to the penal laws of the state in which the requisition is demanded. Of course Kentucky has no penal statute of the kind, for it is held in law that lunatics prison, for instance, is of a different nature from an escape from an asylum, the former institution being penal, and the latter charititable. The state has no interest in law in the lunatic asylums further than the welfare of the patients, and if one escapes into another state it becomes of more importance to that other state to have the patient state in the state of the patient of the patient of the patient in the state of the patient in the state in the state of the patient of the state in the state in the patient of the state in the patient of the state in the patient of the state in the state in the patient of the state in the state in the state in the patient of the state in the are incapable of crime. An escape from a returned than to this state."

NO. 16.

Louisville Post, Oct. 30. Col. Thomas Buford, the judicial white

proper documents were served on him. Col. Buford went to the National Hotel and engaged board for a week, and seemed very well contented with himself and all the rest of the world. Yesterday, as he was strolling around the city, he was accosted by his two pursuers from the asylum, and told that they had come to take him back Union depot. There is terrible excitement to Anchorage. He expressed no surprise or ill-humor, but told them plainly that he would not go with them, and that they could not take him. They tried to per-uade him. but he replied by inviting them to go with him to see his lawyer, and the latter convinced them that they were out of their ju risdiction, and had better not molest Col. Buford. They then bade the colonel goodbye and returned to Kentucky, and since then he has been enjoying himself among the new acquaintances that clustered about

In an interview with a Post reporter, afthe asylum, he thus stated the motive that

In response to the interrogatory of the to remain in Jeffersonville. Buford said :

JUDGE DUVALL'S OPINION THAT A REQUISITION Courier-Journal, Oct, 31.

A MOTHER'S INSANE ACT. Ars. Br. Segain Kills Her Three Children, and Then Sends a Bullet Through Her Own Brain.

New York Son, Not. 1. When Dr Edward C. Segnin, the well known specialist in nervous disorders, returned to his home at 4f West Twentieth street yesterday evening, he learned that during his absence his wife. Margaret, had murdered their three children, and their killed herself.

He was not the fir-t to discover this. At lunch, early in the afternoon, Mrs. Seguin was, as she had been for several days, very despendent. She was well enough to keep on her feet every day, but a melancho'r turn that had evercome her was at its height. Her brother, Dr. R. W. Amidon, of 28 West Twe ty-first street, ate with the little fam- 1 ily and did his utmost to cheer her up, with, & as he thought, a great deal of success Dr. Draper had been been invited to dine with her husband in the evening, and she told her brother that she had written a note asking him not to come, because she was feeling so poorly. Dr. Amidon, thinking it would be beneficial for her to see company, urged her not to send the note, and when he went away he carried the impression that she would not send it, as well as that she had in part recovered her spirits She did send the note, but when Coroner Brady called at the house he found the diving table arrayed for a larger company than composed the household.

Dr. Amidon went again to his sister's pt 6 o'clock in the evening, and asked the man servant who opened the door how his sister's health was. The servant replied that she had taken the children out.

"Are you sure of that?" he persisted. "Pretty sure," said he, and then he added that the door of the spare room on the top floor of the house was locked and the key was not in it-an unusual thingsas he said. Dr. Amidon ran up stairs to see for himself whether the irregularity was of importance. The house is a narrow brownstone, fourstory and French-roof dwelling. The stairs reach the top or Mansard story in the middle of the floor, and their head is opposite the door to this spare room, which occupies the entire front of the house. Between the two street windows stands a burean; a bed is placed against the easterly wall, a table stands exactly across the room from the bed, and there is a cylinder desk against the wall near the door. A large clothes closet built out beyond the wall of the room has its door just beyond the bed in the rear wall. Dr. Amidon tried the door at the head of the stairs. Finding it locked and receiving no reply to his rappings, he kicked the door in. The discovery he made is perhaps without equal in the records of this city. Capt. Williams, who was among the first at the scene, said that he never in his long police experience witnessed so shocking a right.

The windows were closed and the blinds drawn down. On the carpeted floor, opposite the door, lay the dead body of little ter detailing the manner in which he left Edward D. Seguin, the eldest boy, 6 years of age. He was lying face downward, and a pool of blood surrounded his head. The body of Mrs. Margaret Seguin was lying on lum for about six months, but my health was the floor between the bed and the closet. had in the spring and I put it off. I did not She had fallen backward after shooting know exactly where to go, nor did I know herself in the right temple. The dead until I got here that I would be so secure. bodies of John Van Dayn Seguin, the sec-I wanted to go to some place where law and ond boy, aged 5 years, and Janet, the justice are respected, but I did not know youngest child, 4 years old, were found where that locality was to be found. I was lying in the closet. Each one of the chilnot going to be cooped up at the asylum as dren was blindfolded, a handkerchief having a crazy man when I was not crazy, and when been bound before their eyes and knotted I knew that my imprisonment was not in behind their heads. Each child was found accordance with the law. It was only a with its wrists tethered behind its back with common cord. Each one was shot through the right temple.

CEL.

It seemed to the police as if the mother had shut herself in the room with her little ones, and having led them to believe they were all about to play some game-presumable that of blind man's buff-had put two in the great closet, and, closing the door, had shot them, one after the other. Three pistols and a box of cartridges were found in the room. One weapon was a Flaubert target pistol, with a blue steel barrel eleven inches long, and carrying a 22-100 cartridge.. Another was a Remington six-barreled, pearl-handled revolver. finished in black and designed for cartridges of 38-100 calibre. The third was a highly ornamental Derringer, with two barrels, one above the other, silver plated, covered with chasing, and affixed to a handle of ivory and silver plate. This Derringer carried bullets the size of those used in the Remington. These were the Doctor's pistols, and had always been kept in the house.

For the murder of her first-born the insane woman chose the French target pistol. reporter as to whether it was his intention | That she put it close to his temple as he stood blindfolded and pinioned, unsuspectingly, in the middle of the floor, is shown by the marks of the burned powder on his face and under his hair. The ball went entirely through his head, in at the right side and out at the left, and buried itself in the plaster wall. He fell forward dead.

Mrs. Seguin seems to have next taken have stood her on a low stool in the corner formed by the front of the closet and the easterly wall of the front room, and there to have shot her with the big R-mington revolver. In death the little girl was found with one shoulder above the other and her bend held sidewise, as if she died shrinking from the touch of the pistol or had been playfully pretending to hide her head in the corner. Her plump face, her nut-brown picture that, the police say, showed her to have been a beautiful child. She was found in the closet, but the blood and bullet mark in the corner show that there was where in the corner show that the shot her young-she died. Next, Mrs. Seguin shot her youngest boy as he cronched in the closet. She simed higher than in shooting either of the others, and the bullet ploughed through the child's skull, following its arch and feacturing the crown for a space of three inches. Finally the woman, still using the Rem-ington pistol, shot herself in the middle of the forehead, and fell backward, dead.

The children had not been dressed for the street. The boy wore a dark cluth jack-et, and trousers reaching to his knees. The little girl was dressed in a plaid waist and cartridges.